



























## BULLETIN'S DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

LITTLE JACK RABBIT  
DAVID CORY

The Goldenrod glows in the road  
Will plume of drooping below;  
White just beyond the Old Hall Fence  
There stands a Red-tailed fellow.

"Did-ah!" cried the Kind Farmer,  
clucking his tongue against his teeth,  
and away trotted Betsy, the Old Gray  
Bess, with Old Ben running close  
behind the crawling hussy.

"There they go to inhabitation!"  
sighed Little Jack Rabbit, peering  
through the Old Hall Fence. All of a  
sudden, he saw an insect about an  
inch long, with hard black wings  
showed with yellow bands. The next  
minute, away it flew toward a clump  
of lucid fern nearby.

"May-ee!" I hear something,"  
thought the curious little bunny boy,  
and off he trotted to follow the insect,  
who promptly alighted on the trunk of  
a tree and commenced to have a little  
right into the hard wood.

Just then, "way off down the road"  
sounded Old Ben's bark. "Maybe  
he has seen Danny Fox," thought the  
little bunny boy, and, quick as a wink  
and maybe faster, he hopped into a  
dark cluster of aster, white and blue  
and purple, that nestled in the sunny  
meadow, twenty-two hops to the right  
of the dusty road. Mr. Merry Buns  
shining brightly down upon their  
pretty heads this midday. "Maybe  
the bunny boy hit himself as best  
he could," some of the little flowers  
grew on tall branching stalks over  
so much higher than his head, while  
others stood only a few inches above  
the ground.

## The Tangle

LEAFLET FROM LESLIE PUGH,  
COST TO RUTH BARKER

I sometimes wonder, dear Ruth, if  
in every life there falls the little  
trials and big tribulations that have  
fallen into yours and mine.  
Some years ago I visited Long-  
fellow's home. It was a lovely rainy  
day in the fall and outside there  
hung a clinging vine which swayed  
and moaned in the wind. I have  
never forgotten it, and again and  
again when I have been unhappy I  
have thought of the poet sitting there  
in his study writing:

"The vine still clings to the mouldering  
wall,  
But at every gust the dead leaves  
fall,  
And the day is dark and dreary!"

The best stanza of that poem has  
always been a great comfort to me.  
You remember it?

"Be still, and heart and cease repin-  
ing,  
Behold, the clouds in the sun  
shimmer,  
The tale is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and  
dreary."

All days can not be dark and  
dreary. But you and I, Ruth, have  
found that out.  
When I read your letter, dear, I  
could not help thinking that some-  
times there seems to be some force  
over which we have no control which  
reverses us about as though we were  
the little carved pieces of ivory on a  
chess-board.

So Harry Ellington is dead. I think  
the news startled me quite as much as  
it did you. I told John about it and  
read him your letter.

Even he did not know that Harry  
had a sister. Said he had never  
heard him speak of any relative as  
long as he had known him.

And he wrote you that letter the  
day he died.

Strange, isn't it, that so many of us  
suffer mortally do things impulsive-

and unthinkingly, then forever after  
we spend our days expiating  
the error? I am sure, because I see Harry's  
story you will want to show it to me.  
I have never, since you read me  
another letter when he heard  
you were going to get a divorce,  
thought as I did at first that he was  
deliberately led. He was just  
a selfish luxury-loving man who never  
counted the consequences when his  
inclinations were concerned.

I am not sure, dear, that such men  
do less harm to themselves than  
the world than those who plan to do  
nothing horrible at all. The things they  
are planned are usually against other  
persons whom he hates with an un-  
holy hatred, while the selfish in-  
clinations are showered on friend and  
foe alike, if either friend or foe in-  
terfere with the momentary desire.  
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TOMORROW: This letter contin-  
ues.

Menus for a Family  
BY MISS MARY

Breakfast—Stewed fish, poached  
tomatoes, corn bread, milk, coffee.  
Luncheon—Creamed chicken, on-  
ion soup, french fries, baked pota-  
toes, whole wheat bread, molasses,  
cocoa, milk, tea.

Dinner—Lamb steaks with brown-  
ed, grilled sweet potatoes, apple  
and cheese salad, dressing, mince  
pie, milk, coffee.

When the children under school age  
were served meat for their meals  
they should be given only the veg-  
etables included in the dinner men-  
us. No dainties for junior un-  
der 10 years of age.

Two cups coffee, 2-4 cup  
dressed salt codfish, 1 egg, 2-3 tea-

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE



THE TITLE OF "BARON" GOES IN THE ASH CAN

Our Children  
By Angelo Patri

TEACHING CHILDREN  
Every child has some-  
body else's patience with him because  
they learn quicker. Many years  
the grownup person knows very well  
nothing is getting what you are  
trying to teach him. The one that is  
teaching the child is at fault, not the  
child who is during the learning.

The beginning of the trouble lies in  
the fact that what is simple to the  
adult is strangely complex to the  
child. He doesn't see what you see,  
he doesn't hear what you hear, he  
doesn't know how to think what you  
say. He may have seen you milk a  
cow many and many a time but he  
doesn't know how to milk her until  
you show him how and let him prac-  
tise on some gentle old cow.

He doesn't hear what you say. Of-  
ten you have spoken very distinctly  
his face remains blank and he says,  
"What did you say?" Then you speak  
and stamp. You know his hearing is  
good and you tell him he's not pay-  
ing attention. He heard with his ears  
but he has had no experience in the  
job you are giving him he did not  
understand what you said. No was  
mind deaf to that idea. Showing  
him what you want him to do. What  
you have to say slowly and gently and  
explain as you go along, telling him to  
try his hand at the thing as you proceed.  
He needs to learn. You need to do  
the teaching intelligently and he can't  
do it himself.

Encourage him as you go along.  
Well he is doing well and soon  
will be doing still better. Keep a good  
look at his mouth as you feed him  
his new task. Make sure that his first  
efforts are a success, which means  
that the first lesson is easy and well  
within his power. He will ask them  
for the best ones.

If you want to know how children  
feel when they are struggling to learn  
something new just try it yourself.  
Do it and take your first lesson in run-  
ning a car for instance. The man will  
give you his best interest to be the  
simplest instructions and you will  
use your foot when he distinctly told  
you to use your right hand and you  
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successful undertakings.

The Pants That Quivered Him  
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road for years applied for work in a  
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One day the local constable asked  
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"But he knows already, doesn't  
he?"—Narratives (Chronicles).

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We just happened  
to be working  
on this way  
aluminum for straw  
cattle—no—no—  
well, we—

Yes, ma'am,  
that's it!  
I'm real glad  
you stopped in.  
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SMOKE AND COTTON FIND THAT A POOR RECIPE  
FOR A WIFE—THAT'S HOW SHE FEELS ABOUT THE SCHOOLBOY

## —By Ahern

## Meditations of a Married Woman

BY HELEN HOWLAND  
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

## FATIMA WAS RIGHT!

Nothing intrigues a woman's imagination quite so much as a man's key-  
ring, that magic seems to all his dead loves, old bachelor risks, and secret  
dreams.

For some unknown reason, NO man ever throws away a key. If he could  
have them all buried with him, doubtless it would make him happy.

Fatima was right! She was only a woman—not a "mole"—and she  
knew just how much a key-ring meant to a man's life. If a girl could only  
find out whether the man was worth clutching at or not.

The key to his office desk, alone, would tell a woman SO much! Whether  
he is an old maid in the matter of systematic arrangements, or just a careless  
sloth, whether he would be "risky" about the housekeeping or would find the  
clothes and cigarette stubs all over the house; whether her photograph really  
means anything to him, or is only one of a collection. WHAT a revelation!

And there is the key to his real deal! The key to a man's den is the key  
to his life, his past, his heart, his sentimental nature, and his intellectual  
nature. It would tell a girl how often he was married, how long ago  
he went to college, what he DID there.

The key to his lock-box would reveal to her, whether he is rich or poor,  
secretive or above-board, miserly or generous, faithful to her—or to the  
memory of some old sweetheart.

Even the key to his garage would warn you as to whether he would be  
the kind of husband that likes to cut the grass, put up the fire-escape and  
clean the car—or the kind that is forever going fishing, hunting and camping.

And, last but not important, the key to his HOME would tell her  
whether there is a chance of having him as a husband or whether he is hope-  
lessly TIED to a mother and a collection of bachelor habits!

Yes, really, every man carries the key to his heart and his character right  
in his pocket.

But, will he let a woman get her hands on it? He will NOT—while there  
is breath and life in his body to resist her!

Yet, the things that bunch of keys, as he slips one into the latch, is  
something that a woman remembers all her life long—even after he has been  
laid in his grave.

Oh, for one day alone with a man's key-ring—and the world well lost!  
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thought you were using your foot or  
your head and the punishment will be  
running down your back and the  
car will be running everywhere and  
the teacher will be wearing an ex-  
pression of third endurance that will  
go clear into your spinal cord.

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body else's patience with him because  
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Internal and External Pains  
are promptly relieved by  
DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL  
THAT IT HAS BEEN SOLD FOR NEARLY FIFTY YEARS  
AND IT YET IS A QUESTION OF WHETHER IT  
WILL BE A TESTIMONIAL THAT SPEAKS FOR ITS  
NUMEROUS CURATIVE QUALITIES



The EMBASSY  
Special Old  
Liqueur Whisky  
for those who discriminate

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Portland, OregonYELLOWHEAD  
BEER

City Prices Delivered to Your Home  
(Or F.O.B. Railway for Ordinary Customers)

Per barrel of 10 dozen pints or 10 dozen quarts..... \$31.00  
Per case of 3 dozen pints..... 4.80  
Per case of 3 dozen quarts..... 4.80

Per half barrel (deposit on keg \$4.50 extra)..... \$12.00  
Per quarter barrel (deposit on keg \$2.50 extra)..... 6.75  
Refund for bottles: .80c dozen pints or .80c per dozen quarts

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The Edmonton Brewing and  
Malting Co. Ltd.

Phones 8131 and 8187 Edmonton, Alberta

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